1423

A JUST and TRUE

ANSWER

TO A

K. G. 76

SCANDALOUS PAMPHLET

Call'd, A

Genuine LETTER

FROM A

FREEMAN of *BANDON*

TO

GEORGE FAULKNER.

Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui Lumen ademptum. VIRG. ÆN. 3. 658.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

GEORGE FAULKNER.

A JUST and TRUE

ANSWER

TO A

Scandalous PAMPHLET, &c.

AS I live somewhat remote from the Metropolis of this Kingdom,—its generally very late before a News Pamphlet reaches my Hands;—perhaps it is read by a thousand before I hear of it,—or have an Opportunity of seeing it.

And this was the Case, with respect to what is called *A Genuine Letter from a Freeman of* Bandon *to* GEORGE FAULKNER,—occasioned,—as it is said—*By a Lying Extract of a Letter from* Bandon, inserted in his Journal of the 24th of *December* last.

This Genuine Letter (ſuch as it is) I receiv'd from the Hands of a very worthy Friend of my Acquaintance;—and perus'd it with ſome Attention, my Friend having intimated, that it was a very poor, Party-Scandalous Libel,—far below the Dignity of Stile, and Sincerity of Heart, becoming a Gentleman: And wrote with a ſordid and daſterly Intention of terrifying the induſtrious, loyal, Proteſtant Freemen of the Town of *Bandon*, from endeavouring to recover their legal and juſt Rights, as Members of that Corporation; and to diſcountenance their well-known Fidelity to the Government.

This Hint—— you may ſuppoſe,—— rais'd my Curioſity not a little;——and ſoon after, put me upon a diſtinct and minute Enquiry as to the Truth of it.

I live then but a few miles diſtant from *Bandon*, and am well acquainted with moſt of the Inhabitants ———(having Dealings with them, theſe many Years paſt, in very conſiderable branches of Trade) and made it my buſineſs to know the Reaſon of all the Invectives, Threats, and vile Inſinuations ſet forth in that Paper.

And this I was prompted to, from a charitable Diſpoſition of Mind; deteſting any Indignity offer'd Men in Buſineſs,——not only as ſuch Inſinuations might hurt their Credit in point of Trade;——but diſcourage their laudable Induſtry,——ſo much wanted in this Kingdom, and ſo abſolutely neceſſary to its well being, as an Iſland chiefly ſupported by Commerce.

And

And beſide, I know the Aſperſions in Reference to their diſtinct Occupations to be partly falſe, and altogether malicious; —— as moſt of the Gentlemen, mention'd with ſuch Contempt and Ridicule, are Perſons of conſiderable Property; and much regarded by all that know them, for their Honeſty, Integrity, and Loyalty. —— But I find this laſt part of their Character is, at preſent, highly diſagreeable —— to the Knight-errant who attacks them with ſo much Spleen and Rancour. ——

Happy for them, —— he ſees, but on one Side; and though he has often ſhifted his Station, and turned his Head with every Wind, that ſeem'd to promiſe Preferment, yet he's at laſt fallen, on his blind Side, into the Ditch; and is now aſhamed to appear in his dirty Cloths. ——

He threatens *George Faulkner* for printing the Toaſts, given by the Freemen at *Morris*'s; —— but, I ſuppoſe —— *George* laughs at him; well knowing that the Freemen deny nothing of what they did there; —— and have an hundred times acknowledged, and will ſtill acknowledge the giving and drinking of them: And always did, and will for ever glory in ſhewing their juſt and ſteady Attachments to the King and Government, and all that are put under him, —— and are ready and willing to ſeal this loyal Diſpoſition with their Blood. ——

The faithful and true Subjects of this Town were never defective in their Duty to the King, —— though once impos'd on by a certain —— to ſign an Addreſs, which they ever ſince ſincerely lamented, and therefore are reſolved never again to give room for ſuch bitter Repentance.

Their Meeting at *Morris*'s, was to expedite ſome neceſſary Points relative to the Recovery of their Rights in the Corporation: And upon conſidering that ſome of their principal Opponents were then met together in another publick Houſe in Town;——— (whoſe conſtant Cuſtom it was for ſome conſiderable Time paſt, to drink ſuch Toaſts, as carried in them, the baſeſt Calumny and the falſeſt Aſperſions ever heard of, or uttered againſt the chief Perſonages, then entruſted with the Government of the Nation;—) they thought it their part,———(leſt the whole Town, ſhould be look'd upon as ſeditious and irreligious) to give and drink ſuch Toaſts, as they judged might beſt ſhew their Diſlike to ſuch wicked Practice; and teſtify their Affection to the Miniſtry.

This, in ſhort, is the heavy Charge againſt them, ——— yet is what they Glory in; and know to be their Duty, in reſpect both to God and Man.

Now, was I to examine into the Employments and Callings of every Perſon, enrolled, and ſolemnly admitted into this Patriot Club,———as it is called,——and be capable of ſtigmatizing their Characters with Infamy, on account of their Trades and Occupations,——I could name Weavers, Combers, Shopkeepers, Blue Dyers, Attornies, Farmers, *&c.* but I honour ſuch Men, for their Prudence;———the great Aſſiſtance they give the Poor,———and the Nation in General.———I ſhould alſo be aſhamed to mention the poor low Means made uſe of, to draw off two weak Freemen from their Brethren, who met at *Morris*'s,——— was it not neceſſary for the ſake of Truth;——— and to obviate the Falſhoods extorted from them;———by Threats of the ſevereſt Puniſhments,——— neither of which two Perſons, ſtay'd

ſtay'd ſo long in Company as to hear all the Toaſts, that were given that Night.

And yet were obliged to ſign a Credential, or rather a notorious Lie---ready prepared, and ſo worded, as ſhould beſt ſuit the Deſign it was intended to ſerve; for they often confeſs'd ſince, that it contain'd more than they could Know or Teſtify.--- One of them indeed, was ſomewhat ſhy, and timorous, and ſign'd with a kind of Reſervation,------having, as I ſaid, ſtay'd but a ſhort Time in Company, yet being under a fatal Influence, muſt put his Name to it.---- The other much againſt his Inclination, was forc'd to comply,---for,---being ſent for to *D-n-n-t-n-y*, and there obliged to appear before his inexorable Maſter, ---he muſt either ſign, or have his poor old Mother turn'd out of Houſe and Home,---never to expect a Renewal of her Leaſe, or any Intereſt or Favour whatſoever.

Its well known too, how many others of this Company of Freemen were cloſeted, threaten'd, interrogated, and groſsly abuſed, in order to make them deny the Truth. But all Attempts proving in vain, it has been the conſtant Endeavour of their Opponents, upon every trifling Occaſion to teſtify their Malice againſt them---Witneſs *Oman*'s Proſecution, at the Seſſions following, and many other things of the like Nature, which I have ſince heard of.

But I muſt here obſerve too, how that noted Pamphleteer ſtrives to make the World believe,------that the Freemen of that Corporation have forfeited all their Rights and Privileges ſince the Year 1682.--- He, alas! came into the World ſince that Period of Time,---and as, I'm told, was ſolemnly ſworn a Freeman into that Corporation,---certainly then, he was

not sworn to be a Shadow, or the mere Representation of a Substance, that had lost its Being, so many Years ago;--- this would shew his Ignorance indeed, or something worse.---But what if he has been sworn, to support the Freedom, Rights, and Priviledges of the most Considerable, and major part of the Corporation,---certainly you'll say, he has sworn---(by his way of thinking) to support, what is not to be supported---a mere Nothing,---which never existed since the Year 1622.---So discharge him of his Oath,---and deny him to be a Freeman.

But, I hope, he never will be admitted one of the Common Council, or a Representative of the Freemen, for they are sworn and obliged in Conscience to maintain the Rights and Priviledges of the Commons, and keep a just Ballance of Power betwixt them and the Burgesses.---If the Commons then, have lost their Power and Rights---their Representatives since the Year 1622, could derive none from them---and how this is strange,---this power is only a delegated Authority,---therefore they must have it from some Person distinct from themselves.---Pray then from whom is it?---He'll say, perhaps, they got it before the Year 1622, from the Commons.---But who transferr'd it to the Common Council Men, elected and sworn since that Time?---Why---the first Common Council Men that are dead and rotten,---gave part of it to the Burgesses and they eat it;---and the then Common-Council Men like Jugglers swallowed the Remainder---so there's no ripping of Stomachs.---Excellent Trustees indeed!---I suppose it would be difficult to find out in what part was given and what reserved.---Perhaps not,---all the Common Council Men sworn into that Office, since the Year 1620, may be called Representatives of the Freemen without any Consent or Power given by the Commons;---and they could not give what they had not; so their Representatives

tatives are ſworn to ſupport a Power which they muſt firſt ſearch for.--After being ſwallowed an hundred Times, by an hundred Perſons, above an hundred Years ago.--And ſo far corrupted in Digeſtion, I ſuppoſe, as no otherway to be received,--but as the old Ravens feed their Young, by diſgorging: One Perſon who has receiv'd it, puts it into the Mouth of his Friend, and ſo on 'till it goes from one to another;--without ever being ſeen by a Freeman.

This delegated power too, is ſtrangely divisible and moſtly in the Hands of the Burgeſſes, its mortal Foes;--who have no right or Title to any part of it.--And yet command and diſpoſe of it, as they think proper,--never communicating a Particle of the real Subſtance, but only an indiviſible Atom of the nominal Shadow--thus it is worn to Pieces in the Hands of its Enemies.

Its certainly true--'tis that the Freemen have no manner of Privilege, Right, or Advantage left,--there are gone, ſnuggled away, or ſwallowed--as he ſays, every thing extorted and wreſted from them--and yet they are obliged to pay all Taxes, Charges, and Impoſitions laid on the Corporation;--obey the Provoſt's Commands, and conſtantly attend his Courts and Juries, as if they were really Freemen.--Now whether all this was done, by ſlight of Hand,--or by what the weaker ſort of People call dealing with the Devil, I ſhall not take upon me to determine.

But ſo true is that Poſition,--the poor Freemen have no power left them, all is ſwallowed;--in whole or in part, and I ſhould readily leave this to his private Meditation if I found he paid any reſpect to Friends or Strangers,--in his Fits: of Frenzy and Diſtraction.--Stabbing an honeſt Man's Character, is no more with him than killing a mad Dog;--if he chances not to think

think as he does.——Thus very few Clergy or Laity, eſcape the Poiſon of his Lips,——he has emptied his Quiver againſt the principal Heads of both Church and State; and has bark'd and roar'd ſo loud, that I'm told, he has almoſt loſt his Speech.

In this Libel before me, he brings in a Reverend Doctor on the Stage,—cuts his Throat as a Sacrifice to his old Demon malicious Revenge;—And ſo goes on to butcher him for ſpeaking well of his Friends;—And then brands him with the Name of Traytor,—without aſſigning any Reaſon, or Proof, for ſo vile an Aſperſion:—And yet I'm told, this Doctor never gave him the leaſt Offence.

Beſide if there is any Faith in Man, any Confidence or Dependance on the Word, and the moſt ſolemn Proteſtations of Gentlemen, who made it their Buſineſs to enquire into, and ſearch to the Foundation of this accurſed Accuſation,—it is falſe, it is villainous.—No Man but one dead to Shame, Virtue, and Goodneſs could be guilty of publiſhing ſuch a cruel and ſcandalous Impeachment.——For the worthy Man, ſaid here to be betrayed,——has confeſs'd and declared,——that it was not in the Doctor's Power,——as he never attended his Council,——to betray or divulge any of his ſecret Schemes;—nor do I believe he ever had any ſuch, as he feared ſhould be known to any honeſt Man.——No Perſon of his moſt intimate Friends, ever did, or does in publick and private ſpeak more reſpectfully of him than the Doctor has and does upon all Occaſions.

The Doctor had particular Friends on both Sides of the late unfortunate political Diſpute, and foreſaw that ſome Jealouſies muſt ariſe; and as his Sincerity was well known in ſeveral J[illegible]ned entering

tering into any Knowledge of their Proceedings, leſt his ſo doing might create Suſpicion on either Side; yet this very prudent Precaution has unjuſtly given Room to his Enemies to arraign him, in ſo unpardonable and ſo ungentleman like Manner.

What kind of Man muſt the Author of ſuch Falſehood be?——Muſt he not be capable of undertaking the moſt wicked Devices?———What Faith, what Reliance, what Credit, or Dependance can be placed on his Word or Actions? No Man can confide in him; for he has turned to all Sides, betrayed all Parties, and abuſed all in their turns.———His favourite Talent is to lie growling, and grovelling in the Dirt, in order to beſpatter the Harmleſs and Innocent, as well as diſagreeable Paſſengers.——He reads the confus'd Records of troubleſome Times, to propagate vexatious and disjointed Arguments for his ſtunning Vociferations; being always an Enemy to public Peace and good Government,—whenever neglected in the daily Miniſtration.

He cries out now aloud --- for the Principles of Liberty, but To-morrow throw a Stop to the Cerberus, and immediately he barks from another Mouth—— and becomes a fawning Turn-ſpit in the warmeſt Kitchen he can find.——He is at preſent an inſeparable Appurtenance to the moſt forgiving Maſter,—who, for almoſt twelve Years liſtened with Patience to the noiſy Inſults of his double Tongue,—but when at laſt obliged to ſhake the bloody Whip over his Back, he dropt his Tail and run off to hide among the Rocks.——And thenceforth learned ſo much Precaution, as never to open his Jaws againſt any one but a Cripple or a Parſon in Petticoats;——On theſe indeed he freely beſtows ſome of his invenom'd ſalivous Juices.——Well knowing, that their Hands are ty'd

up from using the Instruments of Punishment.——This it is too,—which makes him cringe to Laymen, whom he mortally hates.——Its true sometimes he ventures to abuse poor lame *George Faulkner*, as I have said,——but *George* has too much good Sense to regard his Noise. However, I think he is somewhat cautious in challenging even *George* to a personal Engagement, without the Majority of the ***of C*****——at his Back.—And even with this Assistance, he endeavours to terrify him before-hand,—by a gloomy Aspect of *Newgate*, and the dreadful Example of a certain Dean, who took to his Heels for fear of a public Examination before the H—— last S——. O! What Bravery and Courage appear here in Black and White!----I own it is something derogatory to the honour of *Hudibras*, and eclipses that Hero's Prowess not a little,----for he only overset Bears, Fidlers, Conjurers, Wind mills, and such inactive Foes,------but our Knight-Errant brandishes his Spear,----I mean his Tongue,----(for he never saw in Wrath, what's within his Scabbard----) against all the pusillanimous femine Breeches in the Kingdom.-----He fights like a Bear in a Hole, but with his A---se foremost,—And is never to be found out, but by his rancid Breath, from a Printer's Shop,—and dare no more tell a Man his Name to his Face, than see it,—but with a Consonant or two, in a Blank.

Thus far he has, and ever will be for Peace, or Self-preservation; yet as for publick Tranquility, he hates the very Appearance of it.——National Feuds, Contentions and Animosities are his Delight.——And no Wonder.——A Man in distressed Circumstances always chooses to fish in troubled Waters.—Not only to have the better Opportunity to deceive his Prey,—but also to conceal the Coarseness of his Tackling.——Yet he is now look'd on as a very unskilful

ſkilful Angler,—for he had once the Fiſh in his Fingers, and let it ſlip out again.—I wiſh he would be adviſed by me, (if ever Fortune favours him with another Opportunity) to rub his Hand with ſmall Gravel, and hold his Tongue in his Teeth;—and then graſp faſt the next that comes.—This Loſs is not only a daily and nightly Trouble to his Mind,—but the whole Nation muſt ſuffer by it;—he roars and bellows ſo loud, that tho' Peace like the returning Dove hovers over us, with healing Balſam on her Wings, yet dreads to alight, being ſcar'd and terrified with the hideous Yells of Rancour and Revenge,—which demand Reſtitution with ireful Authority not to be appeaſed or gratified, but by a Boon adequate to his Neceſſities, and Avarice;—And this muſt be given, with the humbleſt Submiſſion, out of Fear and Reverence to his natural Abilities, and in dread of his conquering Voice;—for conquer he muſt, or die;—therefore he has put on the whole Armour of Defiance, drawn out his bloodleſs Weapon of Oppoſition, and ſcorns to ſubmit, or ſhew common Civility to his Superiors, or that dutiful Reſpect owing to the K—g's Repreſentative.

But on the Reverſe,—is for terrifying weak Minds with the Ghoſt or Spectre of the Duke of *Ormond*,—with political Schemes, and ſecret Snares laid for our Deſtruction;—Writing Plays, or rather Farces, and Ribaldry againſt our Miniſters of State;—raiſing Clubs, and Meetings in Oppoſition to every Proceeding of Government,---crying out Fire, and Danger, in the Ears of the Nation,---in order only to excite a Mob to join in the Uproar, and have his own Mouth ſtopt;——but my fellow Subjects take Care of ſuch Patriots as this,——Recollect his paſt conduct,—and mark that he dips his Pen in Blood,——Wears a red

a red Signature on the out Side of his Coat, yet bears a black Croſs transfixed in his Breaſt.

Now Mr. *Faulkner*, as this mighty Champion has threatened you ſo highly,—I think it my part to adminiſter a little Comfort, and raiſe up your Spirits. ——You may make yourſelf eaſy then.——He can't hurt you.——His Tempeſt of political Paſſion is generally allay'd with a Shower of Repentance :——— for believe me *George*,—you'll find if any thing agreeable offers,—he'll cool down to Submiſſion and a Senſe of his Sins ;—and readily reſign his Pretentions to the *Iriſh* Magna Charta,—the Liberty of the People,—and the Majority of the H—— of C———, ſo much boaſted ; and not this only, but ignominiouſly embrace, what he now calls an odious Cauſe :——What a Man has done, he may do again ;——and I'll never pretend to be a Conjurer ; if I gueſs wrong in this Point.

I own indeed, he treats you very ſeverely and unjuſtly,—but I am told you are a very genteel, and a very honeſt Man, a Perſon much reſpected by your Superiors, and beloved by all your Acquaintances. You pay your juſt Debts,—have no neceſſitous Duns attending your Levy.—No poor People that have ſtood begging and cringing with Tears in their Eyes, for above twelve Years together, and then ſent off with lying Excuſes, or Threats of Puniſhment for their Impertinence.

No, *George*, this is none of your Character ;——you have oft inveigh'd againſt, and art worthy a higher Station in Life than that aſſign'd you.———You hold faſt your Integrity, think and ſpeak freely the Dictates of your Heart, and never ſtood begging a Morſel at a Rich Man's Door ; or cockt an Air-gun at a Noble-

a Nobleman's Breaſt, *in terrorem*; in order to lay hold of the Purſe of the Nation, and after Diſappointment, ſit down to bite your Fleſh in a Corner.---You never put a Patch on one Eye, to appear wiſer than other Beggars with two, and then let it ſlip off, pretending to ſee with it, when in reality you had loſt the Sight of both.———You never father'd the ſpurious Maggots, or whimſical Vermicelli of a grovelling Black-coated Satyriſt.——No, as I ſaid you are an honeſt Man, and greatly to be admir'd for the Sincerity of your Heart; and uprightneſs of your Mind. ——Never be terrified therefore with Thoughts of ſtanding before the Hundred and Twenty One, (for he ſtands by himſelf;) They are juſt and wiſe Men, and will never injure any Perſon wrongfully; and be aſſured, that you will be always thankfully remembered by the Freemen of *Bandon*, and by every good Man.——Every one of them, to a Man, know your Enemy thoroughly;——and declare, that tho' there is a *Litten*, yet not a poor low *Cork Chirurgeon* amongſt them; or any Perſon ſo deſpicable or ſervile as to foſter the ill-begotten Off-ſpring of his Brain.——He may therefore quarrel with Weavers and Combers, *&c.* on account of their Trade and Buſineſs, [but perhaps they may comb his Locks;]—— and on the other hand, puff a Gentleman whoſe Character requires no Encomiums from him, and who is well acquainted with his Conduct, and Diſpoſition, by many Years Experience:— But let him go on and reap the Fruits of his Labour;---for they deſpiſe him as much as that great Man abhors him in his Heart.

So Honeſt *George*,

Your very humble Servant,

H. C.

a Nobleman's Dread, in terrorem; in order to lay hold of the Purse of the Nation, and alter Disappointment, sit down to bite your Nails in a Corner.---You never put a Patch on one Eye, to appear wiser than other Beggars with two, and then let it slip off, pretending to see with it, when in reality you had lost the Sight of both.——You never fashion'd the spurious Magots, or whimsical Vermicelli of a groveling Black-coated Satyrist.——No, as I said you are an honest Man, and greatly to be admir'd for the Sincerity of your Heart; and uprightness of your Mind.——Never be terrified therefore with Thoughts of handing before the Hundred and Twenty One, (for be Hands by himself:) They are just and wise Men, and will never injure any Person wrongfully; and be assured, that you will be always thankfully remembered by the Freemen of Bath, and by every good Man.——Every one of them—to a Man, know your Enemy thoroughly;——and declare, that tho' there is a Litter, yet not a poor low Cur, Cur-like grow amongst them; or any Person to deserve or servile as to foster the ill-begotten Off-spring of his Brain.——He may therefore quarrel with Weavers and Combers, &c. on account of their Trades and Business, [but perhaps they may comb his Locks;]——and on the other hand, pity a Gentleman whole Character requires no Encomium from his Pen, and who is well accustomed with his Conduct, and Disposition, by many Years Experience:— But let him go on and reap the Fruits of his Labour;---for they delight him as much as that great Man adores him in his Heart.

So Honest George,

Your very humble Servant,

H. G.